

VOICES.

When bloodroot blooms and trillium flowers,
And sharp their stars to sun and rain,
My heart strikes hands with winds and showers
And wanders in the woods again.

Oh, upring impulse, born of spring,
That makes glad April of my soul,
My bird, however wild of wing,
Is more impatient of control.

Impetuous of pulse it beats
Within my blood and bears me hence;
Above its hours tops and the streets
I bear its happy eloquence.

It tells me all that I would know,
Of birds and buds, of blooms and bees;
I seem to hear the blossoms blow
And leaves unfolding on the trees.

It calls to me to hear the bluebells ring
And faint perfume peals of fragrance and
The honey-throated poppies fling
Their golden laughter o'er the land.

It calls to me; it sings to me;
I hear its fair voice night and day;
I cannot choose but go where it leads
And never change. "Come away!"

Madison Cawein in "Weeds by the Wall."

Hunted Down

BY M. QUAD.

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I was putting in a month in a Swiss town, and as I was strolling along the highway in the suburbs one day a vehicle containing a single traveler appeared. The driver pulled up that the traveler might ask if he could find accommodations at some chalet instead of at the hotel, as he was not in good health and wanted quietness. I was lodging at a private house, and there was room for another guest. The stranger was driven on, and I sat down on a rock to sum him up. Having come from the west in a country vehicle, he must have come from beyond the railroad station. The horse looked weary, the hour was 4 in the afternoon, and I settled it that he must have come from Thalha, 15 miles away. The man wore a hat which did not fit him and had the collar of his coat turned up. He had on goggles, though it was a dark day. A person who wears goggles for weak eyes will carry a finger to one of the glasses every two or three minutes, even if he does not remove them occasionally. On this man's face was a newly grown beard about an inch long. Every 30 seconds up went his hand to scratch. He was not used to a beard, but had grown one for an object. He thickened his voice when he spoke to me, and it was easy to detect the unnatural intonation. Why did he do it? Travelers searching for health are seldom to be met with in the mountains except in early summer, and this was late in the season. He might explain, however. Mr. Braceby, as he had given his name, probably had more reasons for suspicion than he had stated, and I had a curiosity to observe him further.

He was taken in at the chalet, and that night we ate supper together. I saw from his table manners that he had been used to the quick lunches of a restaurant. He claimed to be an Englishman, but his American idioms would have given him away to a child.



WAS SMOKING ON THE VERANDA.

The heels of his boots, as I observed, were very true. He was therefore a man who did little walking. He had the curve of shoulders and neck which come to one who sits a great deal. Now and then he leaned back and rubbed his fingers, as most public officials do when a caller enters. He claimed to have nervous trouble. That was or was not a good excuse for his presence. A door slammed, and he jumped. That showed nerves. The diligence rattled past on its way from the railroad station to the big hotel, and Mr. Braceby stily and furtively peered out of the window. That was the action of a fugitive from justice.

In the course of four or five days I had the stranger sized up to a dot and would have bet five to one that my diagnosis was positively correct. He was a straight-haired American. He was a public official. It was his first time abroad. He was in disguise and a fugitive. Whatever boodle he had with him was in his undershirt pocket. I knew this because he was constantly raising his hand to the spot. That boodle was probably in drafts, as he made cautious inquiries about bankers. Mr. Braceby removed his goggles and turned down his coat collar and spoke in natural tones after he got installed, but he did not wander far from the house and sought no other company. He asked for no papers, but when I bought copies of a New York daily at the hotel and took them home to read he could scarcely control his impatience until he had his hands on them.

I am no man hunter. I did not go to the police or drop a hint to any one. Of whatever crime he was guilty, he was safe from me. I knew it wasn't murder unless done in the heat of passion, for he was sentimental and tender-hearted. I think it was on the fifth day of his stay that he became feverish and called for a doctor and went to bed—mental misery you see. I had finished my sup-

per and was smoking my pipe on the little veranda when I saw a stranger coming up the path from the hotel. From his gait I judged him to be an American. From the way he furtively eyed the chalet and its surroundings I reasoned that he had other business than seeking for lodgings. As he came to a halt and looked me over he gave himself away as a detective. He had taken me for the man he wanted, and chagrin showed clearly on his face. He was from a western state and on the trail of a defaulting city treasurer. It was queer enough that he didn't ask if there was another traveler in the house. He took it for granted that I was the only one, and he told me the whole story of Braceby's theft and flight. My diagnosis had been positively correct. There was the man under his thumb. He had followed him for three months and had only to climb a flight of 11 steps to lay hands on him, but it never happened. I was num. I was not interested in the case beyond proving my observations. He talked for two hours and then went away, saying that he should hang about for a few days. Half an hour after his going it was discovered that Braceby was missing. His bedroom window was over the veranda, and he had heard all.

When three days had passed and no trace of the missing man had been had, he was given away to the detective by one of the town officials. He had left the chalet brightly clad, without food or baggage and in a fever, and the idea was that he had lost himself on the mountains and would perish if not found. Parties were sent out in search, and it was not long before evidences were found. When the fugitive discovered that he had been hunted down and was about to be arrested for his crime, there was nothing left for him but to take to the mountains and find a temporary cover until he could plan a little. Being ill, without food and thinly clad, he could not keep his life over two or three days. In the gloom of that first night he had traveled nearly two miles, making up the mountains by a path. Then he had wandered from the path and fallen over a bank 30 feet high into a stream. The rushing waters had carried him down a mile or more, and they found his dead body wedged between two great rocks.

When the coroner overhauled the effects found on the body, there came to light \$5,000 in English money and drafts for nearly \$200,000 more. His name was not Braceby, of course, but as the city treasurer of a town in the west he had gobbled its last dollar and died to enjoy his ill-gotten gains on the other side of the ocean. He had not spent a thousand dollars as yet or taken a moment's comfort. He had too much conscience and not enough nerve. If he had got safely away, he would never have enjoyed himself. As I looked down on his dead body and thought of his shattered and disgraced life I felt something more than a passing sorrow. As I helped carry the bruised and battered corpse down to the townhouse for inquest and burial I found tears in my eyes and pity in my heart.

Manila in 1588.

Manila is well planted and inhabited with Spaniards to the number of 600 or 700 persons, which dwell in a town unwallled, which hath three or four small blockhouses, part made of wood and part of stone, being indeed of no great strength. They have one or two small galleries belonging to the town. It is a very rich place, of gold and other commodities, and they have yearly traffic from Acapulco in Nueva Espana and also 20 or 30 ships from China and from the Sangueños (people from Sangha, in Japan), which bring them many sorts of merchandise. The merchants of China and the Sangueños are part Moors and part heathen people. They bring great store of gold with them, which they traffic and exchange for silver and give weight for weight.

These Sangueños are men of marvellous capacity in devising and making all manner of things, especially in all handicrafts and sciences, and every one is so expert, perfect and skillful in his faculty, as few or no Christians are able to go beyond them in that which they take in hand. For drawing and embroidering upon satin, silk or lawn, either beast, fowl, fish or worm, for liveliness and perfectness both in silk, silver, gold and pearl, they excel—Cavendish, First Voyage.

Hunger and Ideas.

If you wish to increase your imaginative powers, says a scientist, go without food. Abstinence from food till the pangs of hunger make themselves distinctly felt will quicken your mental powers and stimulate the flow of ideas, such ideas being of a kind that agree with the regular bent of your mind. This seems to offer good prospects not only to literary men, but also to machine makers and all those who are on the watch for some improvement or invention that will revolutionize some industry. But you must be careful or you will overdo it. Prolonged fasting, according to the same authority, creates a desire to commit some horrible crime, makes you wild and cruel. The prolonged fast becomes a prey to hallucinations, is unable to sleep and likely to go mad. In short, abstinence from food for long periods—and "long periods" is a term that varies with the individual—induces the same effects as drunkenness.

Cooking Vegetables.

A cooking teacher's directions for boiling vegetables, even onion, cabbage or cauliflower, without filling the pot with an unpleasant smell, are to cover the vegetables with boiling salted water and stand the kettle aside, where they cannot boil rapidly again, until tender. It is the steam, according to this authority, that is driven off by rapid boiling that carries away not only the odor but the flavor of vegetables.

THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN. BLOOMFIELD, N. J., MARCH 12, 1904.

STARVE OR SURFEIT

Shakespeare never penned anything truer than "They are as sick that surfeit too much as they that starve with nothing"—for Indigestion is starvation, with some special discomforts added. If you are bilious, constipated, have sick headache, backache, sour stomach, take

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